

Good Morning 702

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



P.O. Frank Mellor— you wanted these

HERE'S something you've been looking for, P.O. at the pictures, then shouts Frank Mellor, in more ways than one.

First, some pictures of Alice, your wife, with the two children, Tony and May. Secondly, the nail clippers you forgot to put into your kitbag when you packed.

Everything in the garden is lovely at your home in 33, Colwell Road, Kirtley Ash, Liverpool. The good earth is showing signs of recent sunshine having had its effect.

By the way, Tony is hunting for the peaked cap you gave him to play with. Apparently he has lost it.

When the evening paper drops through the letter-box he



scrambles along to have a peep at the pictures, then shouts "Daddy" to each of them.

Little May—we are told—is being a good girl, and was more than happy when this picture was taken, because she had the week off from school.

The family send their love, and the wish for you is Happy Hunting.

Now "Pack-up" Houses

IN all the discussion about prefabricated houses and how they can be provided quickly and cheaply to replace bombed-out homes and give the newly-weds a chance to set up housekeeping, the Americans seem to have come out best.

They have produced a house—and factories—which can be sent in sections in boxes to anywhere it is required and put up in a couple of jerks by experienced workmen.

The houses are built from the roof down. The roofs themselves are rounded, instead of having the usual inverted "V" appearance. This enables roof trusses and rafters to be eliminated. The ceilings are hung by hooks from the roofs.

Large posts outside the walls of the houses support the roof,

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER

Refs. must answer too, for decline of boxing.

THE sporting pals of the Jolly Roger want to see British boxing right where it ought to be, at the top of the tree, and they will continue to spare none whom they think might do something towards bringing it up to a better standard.

"I think the decline is due to a combination of factors," said the Guv'nor, "and not the least to what I can only describe as bad refereeing. In my opinion, the referees of to-day are very largely to blame for the slap-dash slamming that passes for boxing."

"YOU know very well that if a referee allows a boxer to get away with the use of the open glove, then the boxer is not going to punch correctly, and that is one of the essentials in good boxing. It is either laziness or sheer ignorance on the part of the referee."

"And it may be that he doesn't want to get into hot water with the crowd through continually talking to the boxers," suggested Bernard. "Too many of them allow themselves to be swayed by the crowd. In boxing, it is not advisable to hold the view that the customer is always right. It may be a few half-wits who have put their shillings on the wrong man, and they will shout themselves hoarse to bring home their bets."

"There is no doubt that betting is an unmitigated nuisance at a boxing show," agreed the Guv'nor, "but I am afraid that is one of the evils you can never entirely eradicate."

"The extraordinary thing to my mind," said Nat, "is that in the old days, when any old Tom, Dick or Harry could officiate as referee without giving any account of his qualifications (or lack of them) to anybody, we had no shortage of first-class referees, men who knew the game inside and out."

"Now, I should be hard put to it to name more than two or three really efficient referees,

and this at a time when every would-be official must pass an examination before he is given a referee's licence. There must be some explanation, but I'll be honest and say that I can't for the life of me advance one."

"My view is that most of the good old referees are dead," said Bernard, "and, another thing, the men who remained when the Board of Control took over the issuing of licences felt annoyed at having to apply, and just dropped out of the game."

"That is partly true, no doubt," agreed the Guv'nor, "but it seems to me that the game needs an infusion of fresh blood all round; not only among the boxers, but officials as well."

"Perhaps we shall get that when most of our boys are freed from the Services," suggested Nat.

"I note," said the Guv'nor, "that boxing is almost as badly in the doldrums in the United States as it is here. It will not be the fault of the new chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission if the game does not begin to take a new lease of life in that part of the world."

"Does the name of Lieut.-Col. Edward P. Egan convey anything to you fellows?"

"Do you mean that it is our old friend Eddie Egan?" asked Nat.

"It is none other," answered

the Guv'nor. "I'll guess there are not many people who have associated Eddie Egan with the Athletic Commission chairmanship. From what we know of him, he is sure to make a success of the job. After all, he knows the game as well as the next man, and he is a grand sportsman."

"Is that the amateur boxer who used to be seen at all the shows with the Marquis of Clydesdale, as he then was?" asked Bernard.

"That's the bloke," answered the Guv'nor. "He came over here just after the last war as a Rhodes scholar and won many bouts at Oxford before winning the heavy-weights in the Oxford v. Cambridge series in 1923. He was also frequently seen in bouts at charity shows."

"I recall him now," said Bernard. "I saw him at one of Harry Preston's shows at Brighton, and he struck me then as being better than many professionals."

"He has started well by revising the New York boxing rules," said the Guv'nor. "In order to eliminate the drawn decision in contests, he has brought in a rule which empowers the referee to give the verdict to the boxer who finishes in the better physical condition when the score sheet shows them to be equal."

"That's not a bad idea," said Nat. "It means that if the contest had been over a longer distance, the man who was in better physical shape would almost certainly win. Another point is that, if this is to be the factor in deciding an otherwise equal contest, the men will take care not to neglect their training."

"I'm not too sure that it will be as successful as you imagine," put in Bernard. "You will have to allow for the



A great amateur—the former Marquis of Clydesdale.

possibility that the boxers will have this rule at the back of their minds, and, unless one of them in a contest feels that he has the beating of his opponent, they will not use themselves up.

"It might possibly have the reverse effect than the one intended and result in too much stalling, thus making the fight a tedious spectacle. Before you alter rules that have stood the test of so many years you have to consider the change from every angle and try to determine the reactions of the boxers to the new conditions."

"We shall soon hear all about it if the new rule has the effect you fear," said the Guv'nor. "but it will be wiser to let it have a run before condemning it."

"Personally, I do not see that there is any harm in declaring a contest to be drawn when there is a doubt. After a close contest the boxers are usually satisfied if the honours are divided, and any protests from the crowd usually mean that betting is at the bottom of it all."

"That reminds me," said Nat, "of my old friend G. T. Dunning, of the 'Sportsman'. He was an old amateur boxer of note, a worthy critic of the game, and a first-class referee. He declared that in all his career, and he refereed hundreds of important contests, he had never given a draw. He used to hold that the drawn decision was the mark of the weak referee."

"I knew Dunning very well," said the Guv'nor, "and I agree that he was as good as any referee within my knowledge, but I could never see eye-to-eye with him in his contention that no contest should ever be declared a draw."

"It would be a good thing for professional boxing," said Bernard, "if we had one or two referees like Dunning to-day. He would never allow boxers to slap with the open gloves or to do half the things they now get away with."



Pity to bring it up

"COME and see the Swiss Mountain-Flyer," said the handbills. The people of Norwich and the surrounding neighbourhood came on foot, on horseback, in carriages, and wagons—20,000 of them—to the hill just beyond the city to see Signor Carlo Villecrop perform his amazing feats.

According to the advertisements, he was to run up the hill with his Tyrolean jumping pole in his teeth; balance the pole on his nose and chin; climb up it with the swiftness of a cat; walk on his head up and down the

hill balancing the pole on one foot.

"He will conclude his performance by repeated flights in the air, up and down the hill, with a velocity almost imperceptible," it was promised.

Twenty thousand Norfolk men and women waited in the pleasant August evening to see these wonderful things.

But Signor Villecrop achieved an even more astounding feat. He was himself imperceptible.

Norwich men have long since lived down the hoax played upon them (it took a very long time).

TALKING PICTURE FOR L.S. WALKER

MICHAEL calling L.S. Walker. . . Michael calling. You may be surprised, L.S. Walker, to know that your son—a grand big fourteen-monther, says "Daddy" many more times a day than he says "Mum."

When you last saw him he was only three weeks old, and the last photo you had showed him at eight months, hardly at the talking stage! Now he walks and talks, and points!

Pointing centre to the model submarine on the sideboard in

the living-room of your flat at 45, Lichfield-street, Gateshead, Co. Durham, he tells everybody "That's Daddy's big boat."

The photograph you now see shows him as he is to-day, looking it over Winifred, your wife.

He's your boy alright, as fair headed as you were once upon a time, and with five teeth to his credit—more than you had at his age, we're told.

Your wife was worrying at not hearing from you for a while until the other day, when she got a batch of fourteen letters in one swoop!

The postman had a job in getting them through the letter-box, and Mike missed his morning run in Saltwell Park, while your wife sat piecing together.

Most of the girls who served with Mrs. Walker in the W.R.N.S. at Newcastle Admiralty H.Q., are now married, and lots of them have babies.

So with the Old Girls it's a glorified babies' club with gossip about husbands thrown in to make weight if the conversation shows signs of flagging, which does not often happen.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

MR. BUCKET MAKES AN ARREST

At the same moment Mr. Bucket, governor. I don't want to pay too with the secret sympathy of large a price for my friend; but friendship, also rises. He dotes I want you to have your proper upon the children to the last, and percentage, and be remunerated remembers the commission he has for your loss of time. That is but undertaken for an absent friend. fair. Every man must live, and "Respecting that secondhand wio-ought to it."

Mr. Bagnet shakes his head at the old girl, to the effect that they have found a jewel of price.

"Scores," says Mr. Bagnet. "I am obliged to you," returns "Suppose I was to give you a

Mr. Bucket, squeezing his hand. look in, say, at half arter ten to- "You're a friend in need. A good morrow morning. Perhaps you could tone, mind you. My friend is a name the figures of a few violin-regular dab at it. Ecod, he saws cellars of a good tone?" says Mr. away at Mozart and Handel, and Bucket.

the rest of the big-wigs, like a Nothing easier. Mr. and Mrs. thorough workman." Bagnet both engage to have the "And you needn't," says Mr. requisite information ready, and Bucket, in a considerate and pri-even hint to each other at the prag-vate voice, "you needn't commit ticability of having a small stock yourself to too low a figure, collected there for approval.

In this final instalment from "Bleak House" by Charles Dickens, the ferret (Mr. Bucket) pounces.

"Thank you," says Mr. Bucket, "thank you. Good night, ma'am. Good night, governor. Good night, darlings. I am much obliged to you for one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent in my life."

They, on the contrary, are

much obliged to him for the pleasure he has given them in his company; and so they part with many expressions of good-will on both sides.

"Now, George, old boy," says Mr. Bucket, taking his arm at the shop door, "come along."

As they go down the little street, and the Bagnets pause for a minute, looking after them, Mrs. Bagnet remarks to the worthy Lignum that Mr. Bucket "almost clings to George like, and seems to be really fond of him."

The neighbouring streets being narrow and ill-paved, it is a little inconvenient to walk there two abreast and arm in arm.

Mr. George therefore soon proposes to walk singly. But Mr. Bucket, who cannot make up his mind to relinquish his friendly hold, replies, "Wait half a minute, George. I should wish to speak to you first."

Immediately afterwards he twists him into a public-house and into a parlour, where he confronts him, and claps his own back against the door.

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket, "duty is duty, and friendship is friendship. I never want the two to clash if I can help it. I have endeavoured to make things pleasant to-night, and I put it to you, whether I have done it or not. You

must consider yourself in custody, George."

"Custody? What for?" returns the trooper, thunderstruck.

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket, urging a sensible view of the case upon him with his fat forefinger, "Duty, as you know very well, is one thing, and conversation is another. It's my duty to inform you that any observations you may make will be liable to be used and against you. Therefore, George, be careful what you say. You don't happen to have heard of a murder?"

"Murder?"

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket, keeping his forefinger in an impressive state of action, "bear in mind what I've said to you. I ask you nothing. You've been in great Heaven, I was there last low spirits this afternoon. I say, night."

"No. Where has there been a murder?"

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket, "don't you go and commit yourself. I'm a-going to tell you what I want you for."

There has been a murder in Lincoln's Inn Fields—gentleman of the name of Tulkinghorn. He was shot last night. I want you for that."

The trooper sinks upon a seat behind him, and great drops start out upon his forehead, and a deadly pallor overspreads his face.

"Bucket! It's not possible that Mr. Tulkinghorn has been killed, and that you suspect me?"

"George," returns Mr. Bucket, keeping his forefinger going, "it is certainly possible, because it's the case. This deed was done last night at ten o'clock, and you'll be able to prove it, no doubt."

"Last night? Last night?" repeats the trooper thoughtfully. Then it flashes upon him. "Why, Heaven, I was there last night."

"So I have understood, George," returns Mr. Bucket, with great deliberation. "So I have understood. Likewise you've been very often there. You've been seen hanging about the place, and you've been heard more than once in a

(Continued on Page 3)

JOKE CORNER



"For an extra half-crown I'll tell you where you can get stockings—real Nylon!"



"Hush, Bill—the Admiral's right behind us."

QUIZ for today

5. Of what commodity could you buy one aume?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Con-sommé, Potage, Soufflé, Purée, Soupe.

Answers to Quiz in No. 701

1. Which is longer, a metre or a yard?
2. Which anniversary is your "tin" wedding?
3. What is the proper name for "spirits of hartshorn"?
4. In what country did the chestnut originate?

1. The sky.
2. Irish mile.
3. Increasingly loudly.
4. Brood.
5. Lignum vitae.
6. Paddock is not cultivated; others are.

TRUE OR FALSE?

CAN YOU JUDGE CHARACTER BY FACES? "I DIDN'T like the look of him," is a judgment we often hear. Can you judge a man by his looks? Is there anything in the so-called science of physiognomy?

Certain features are popularly associated with certain characteristics. For instance, thick lips are supposed to denote lust, a sloping forehead stupidity, and so on.

Sooner or later, most people get a surprise. They meet a man with a receding chin, perhaps, and find that he is not only tough, but ready to prove it, and they discover that someone with a sloping forehead has had a brilliant academic career.

In fact, any statistical examination of these generalities shows that, taken all round, they are false.

They are atavistic relics of the time when people were savages and prone to judge strangers as one dog judges another. The features are formed in the womb or later by accident very much more than by the way a man thinks or lives.

But these judgments are so strong that some people never get over their original prejudices, and their relationship with, say, a business acquaintance continues to be coloured by the original judgment.

It is for this reason that a man is much better judged by his friends than by strangers.

His friends have become accustomed to peculiarities his face may have and do not notice it.

The way a man lives does modify his expression, his posture and the tone of his voice, and these are guides to character. But even here we have to go carefully—a frequent frown may leave lines. But that may be due to bad temper or to failure to wear proper glasses for reading.

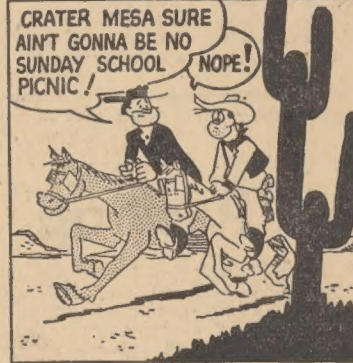
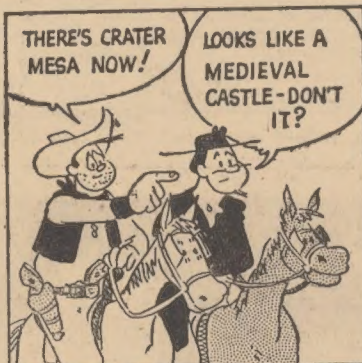
A red nose is not necessarily—or often—a sign of excessive drinking. There are a dozen other causes.

There are people who pride themselves on being able to "sum up" a stranger very quickly. Generally, they are unduly prejudiced by abnormal features—large ears, a harelip, a "weak" chin. These things may have nothing at all to do with character, and the prejudice against them, of course, is just the old tribal prejudice.

ALEX CRACK

Heinrich: "It's a rotten country."
Karl: "Yes, the system's all wrong."
Gestapo Agent: "What do you mean by criticising our beloved Germany?"
Karl: "But we never mentioned Germany."
Gestapo Man: "What other country could you mean?"

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 642

- 1. Behead a strip and get an animal.
- 2. Insert the same letter 11 times and make sense of: heipplfersriedoeroheramsop.
- 3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WHO into HOW, and NEWT into FROG.
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: She went into the paddock and gave the stale to the —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 641

- 1. F-oil.
- 2. These fish rissoles taste so salty!
- 3. LAMP, lame, game, gale, bale, ball, bull, BULB.
- 4. Busy, buys.

JANE

MR. BUCKET MAKES AN ARREST

(Continued from Page 2) wrangle with him, and it's possible—I don't say it's certainly so, mind you, but it's possible—that he may have been heard to call you a threatening, murdering, dangerous fellow."

The trooper gasps as if he would admit it all if he could speak.

"Now, George," continues Mr. Bucket, putting his hat upon the table, with an air of business rather than in the upholstery way than otherwise, "my wish is, as it has been all the evening, to make things pleasant. I tell you plainly there's hesitates a moment; but holds out a reward out of a hundred guineas, his two hands, clasped together, offered by Sir Leicester Dedlock, and says, "There. Put them on." Baronet. You and me have always been pleasant together; but I have got a duty to discharge; and if that hundred guineas is to be made, so, for I wish to make things as it may as well be made by me as by another man. On all of which duty, and I've got another pair in accounts, I should hope it was my pocket."

This remark he offers like a

Verse and Worse

TO AN INFANT.
Lowestoff.
Since I was so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

U.S.A.
Beneath this stone our baby lies,
He neither cries nor hollors;
He lived just one-and-twenty days
And cost us forty dollars.

ROBERT TROLLOPE,
Architect, Newcastle.
Here lies Robert Trollope,
Who made yon stones roll up.
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up.

CEMETERY IN PARIS.
I am anxiously expecting you—A.D. 1827.
Here I am—A.D. 1867.

CHURCHYARD OF NESTON ST. NICHOLAS.
Here lies a certain Elizabeth Mann
Who lived an old maid, and
Died an old Mann.

Because a cough
Carried me off;
In a coffin
They carried me off in.

JOHN LAMB at Huntingdon.
On the 29th November
A confounded piece of timber,
Came down, Bang! Slam,
And killed I, John Lamb.

GRAVE IN JERSEY.
Under this Moss,
Lies John Ross,
Kicked by a Hoss.

ST. JOHN STRANGE.
Famous Barrister.
Here lies an honest lawyer
—That's Strange.

My wife's dead,
So let her lie,
She's at rest,
And so am I.



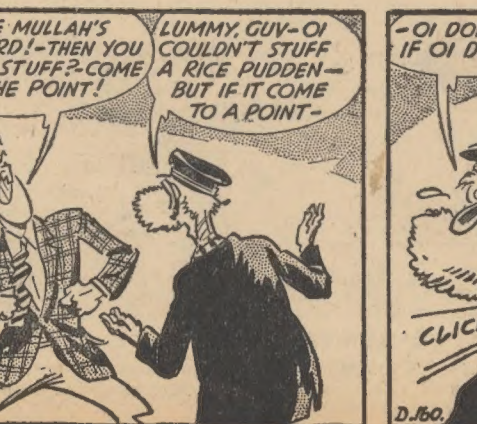
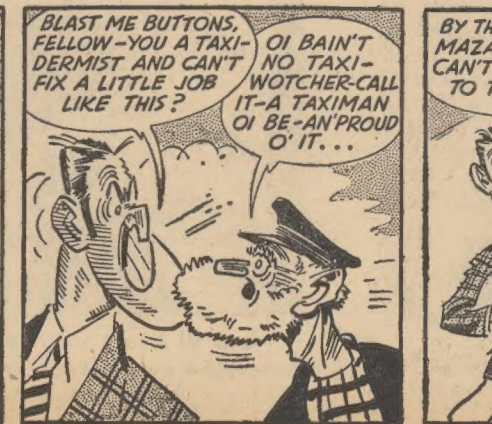
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



GLORIA DE HAVEN

GLORIA DE HAVEN has acting in her blood. She was three when her mother, former stage and screen star Flora Parker, decided she should be an actress.

At the age of eight she appeared as Paulette Goddard's waif sister in "Modern Times," which her father co-directed with Chaplin. She later studied for the stage, and at the age of twelve joined a small theatre group.

She was chosen to play Becky in "Tom Sawyer," but by the time production started she had outgrown the part, and nothing else worth while came along.

Believing she had no chance as an actress she turned to vocalism and sang with Bob Crosby's and Jan Savitt's bands, but she still wanted to act.

She landed a role in "Best Foot Forward" as a singer and dancer, and when the show went to Hollywood, Gloria went with it. A contract with M.-G.-M. followed, and she has since appeared in "Broadway Rhythm," "Two Girls and a Sailor," "Step Lively," and "The Thin Man Goes Home" amongst others.

She is blue-eyed, blonde and decidedly glamorous. She recently married actor John Payne.

Dick Gordon

CROSS-WORD CORNER

ANGUS KICKS
BOO AGE HIT
ADULT PIANO
T RAISINS R
ENDURE VERY
C GEESSE O
TOSH MORSEL
I PERSIST U
GRADE REALM
HOT EWE GAP
TWEAK ELEGY

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10						11		
12					13	14		
15					16		17	
		18			19			
20	21		22			23	24	
		25			26			
27	28				29		30	
31				32	33			
34				35				
36						37		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Demonstrate. 5 Girl's name. 10 Inn. 11 Sort of plane. 12 Region. 13 Abandon. 15 Assurance. 17 School book. 18 Make out dimly. 20 Past. 22 Big marble. 23 No gentleman. 25 Scotch name. 27 Charge. 29 Renown. 31 Abused. 33 Dry. 34 Second-hand. 35 Much adorned. 36 Household. 37 Scotch valley.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Piece of poetry. 2 Rodent. 3 Carry to excess. 4 Work at loom. 5 Terminate. 6 Savoury. 7 Lean over. 8 Mistakes. 9 Putrefies. 14 Insect. 16 Property. 19 Wheel projection. 21 Lubricant. 23 With chorus. 24 English poet. 25 Girl's name. 26 Jargon. 27 Musical instrument. 28 Good French. 30 Ceremony. 32 Female deer.

Good Morning



ENGLISH VILLAGE. Dotted about our countryside our little lost outposts of the Middle Ages that seem to stick out of the rising waters of 20th Century industrialism like South Sea atolls. Just such a one is the quiet town of Amersham, in Buckinghamshire—the Main Street of which we show you here.



"They told me there were twenty horses under the bonnet, but I wern't took in. I just followed behind a ways. And if they be horses in there, they be the most unnatural horses I ever did see!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



SAILOR'S DAUGHTER HATES CLOTHES.

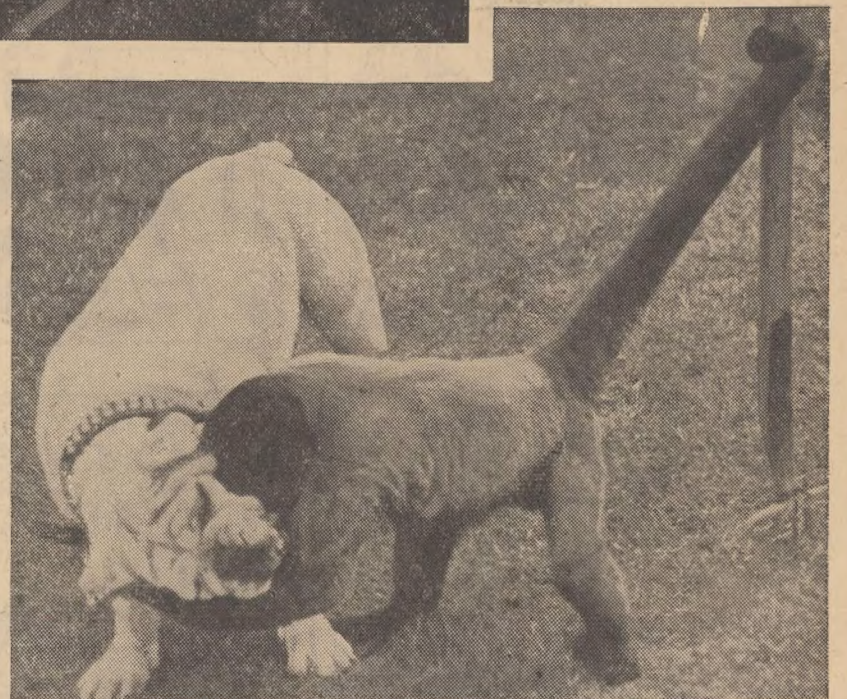
Golden-haired Teresa Fortin of Ipswich, whose father was an art master before he joined the Navy, is a real child of Nature. Since she was two-months' old she has been a nudist—whenever she gets the chance.

And here's another would-be nudist. Would-be? Could be! Anyway we wish she would be because we feel like a real child of Nature ourself this morning.



MAN ALIVE, THEY'RE BURIED ALIVE.

Hold your horses, this is not an ancient torture—it's just some modern patients who have buried themselves deep into the curative sands of Maronti, on the island of Ischia, in the Gulf of Naples. Idea is to cure themselves of Rheumatism, Gout and Sciatica.



"And all I said was, 'Stop that aping about'!" This bull pup looks sorry he ever spoke. Now this South American monkey has clapped a vicious-looking head scissors on him. That'll larn him!"